

# NO MAN'S LAND A ROMANCE

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WATERS  
COPYRIGHT, 1910 BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

## SYNOPSIS.

**CHAPTER I.**—Garrett Coast, a young business man of New York City, meets an acquaintance named Douglas Blackstock, who invites him to a card party with some friends. He accepts the invitation, although he dislikes Blackstock, the reason being that both are in love with Katherine Thaxter. Coast attempts to convince her that Blackstock is not worthy of her friendship but does not succeed.

**CHAPTER II.**—At the party with Blackstock, Coast meets two friends named Dundas and Van Tyne. The play runs high, there is a quarrel, weapons are drawn and Blackstock shoots Van Tyne dead. He then makes a movement as if to commit suicide. Coast struggles to wrest the weapon from him, but Blackstock has married Katherine Thaxter and fled.

**CHAPTER III.**—Coast is convicted. Just as he begins his sentence, however, Dundas confesses to his perjury, names Blackstock as the real murderer and then kills himself. Coast escapes from prison, but Blackstock has married Katherine Thaxter and fled.

**CHAPTER IV.**—Coast purchases a yacht named the Echo. His mind is disturbed over the marriage of the woman he loves.

**CHAPTER V.**—While sailing his yacht, Coast sees a man forced over the rail of a boat at a distance. Coast rescues him and finds the refugee to be a fellow named Appleyard, who pretends he was a stowaway on the boat and was thrown overboard.

**CHAPTER VI.**—Appleyard induces Coast to let him run his craft, and they arrive at a lonely island, which Appleyard tells Coast is an uninhabited spot known as No Man's Land. Next morning Coast finds his helper and the tender of the yacht missing.

**CHAPTER VII.**—The tender is afterward found on the shore by Coast and he starts out to explore the desolate island. He comes upon some deserted buildings, and discovers a man dead. He has been executed with a bowstring.

**CHAPTER VIII.**—Continuing his investigations in No Man's Land, Coast discovers a house and upon approaching it sees a woman whom he recognizes as his missing love, Katherine Thaxter.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

## CHAPTER IX.

His first translatable impulse was to turn and make good his escape before she became aware of him. But, as if the shock of recognition had palsied his will, he remained motionless. Contending emotions, resembling the flashes of heat and cold of an ague-fit, alternately confounded and stung him to the point of madness. For the first time in days he had forced home to him all that he had sought to banish from his life; his memories, of his gnawing passion for the woman, of the black crime that had severed their lives. Seeing before him the one being in the world dear to him beyond expression, the one being irrevocably lost to him, he divined anew with bitter clarity the bridgeless gulf that yawned between them.

It was inevitable that the woman should in time become sensitive to his proximity. Though wholly unaware of his approach, though thoroughly assured that she was alone, a feeling of uneasiness affected her. She resisted it subconsciously and strove to continue the line of thought which had engaged her; but without effect. Then she turned her head, and threw a flickering glance toward the house; the shadow of his figure lay upon the boundary of her vision. She swung quickly to face him, suppressing a cry. Their eyes focussed to one another, his burning, her successively a-smile with astonishment, incredulity and consternation. For a long moment, during which neither moved or spoke, while she grew pale and yet more pale and he flushed darkly, their questing glances crossed and recrossed like swords at play.

From Katherine's eyes a woman's soul gazed forth, experienced, mature, injured to sadness, gently brave, where had been the eager, questioning, apprehensive, daring spirit of a girl. He who had suffered and lived could see that she in no less degree had lived and suffered since that evening when last he had seen her beneath the street lights, bending forward from the seat of her town-car to bid him farewell. Life is not kind; life had not been kind to her. If he had endured, she likewise had endured, in another way, perhaps, but in no less measure. She, too, had seen the splendid tapestry of her illusions rent to tatters by life's implacable hand.

For this one man alone was answerable—Blackstock.

Of a sudden, on the echo of that name in his brain, Coast's hatred of the man, the animosity that had hardened to inexorable enmity in the crucible of his passion, recurred with tenfold strength and nearly overmastered him. It is only the ruin their own deeds have wrought that men can view complacently.

He stepped forward a single pace, with an unconscious gesture as one who tears from his throat that which hinders free respiration. "Where," he demanded without preface or apology, in a voice so thick and hoarse he hardly knew it for his own—"Where is he?"

He saw her recoil from his advance, but whether from fear or repugnance he could not guess. When she replied it was with evident difficulty.

"He?"

Impatient, he waved aside what

seemed a palpable quibble: she must know very well what he meant. "What are you doing here, in this place, alone? Why did he leave you here?" He moved nearer, his voice rising to vehemence. "Why are you here, Katherine?"

She drew back again, passing through the gateway, so that the fence stood between them. He comprehended fully that she did this through fear of him.

"I might ask as much of you."

"Of me?" Her quietly interjected remark threw him momentarily off his line of thought.

"Yes, of you," she replied quietly, quick to see and take advantage of his distraction. "How did you get here? And why?"

"By boat," he returned stupidly, only irritated by this persistence in raising what to him, in his humor of the moment, seemed trivial and inconsequent issues—"my boat. We got lost and ran aground in the fog last night."

"Tell me where to find him."

"I don't know."

"Then you have escaped!" She went directly to the sole explanation of his presence there that lay within her understanding.

"Escaped?" He shook his head, not in negation but testily. "Yes, of course; or I shouldn't be here." It was plain enough to him that he had escaped the fate to which he had been sentenced. To what else could she refer? "But you—he—that dog Blackstock—I want to know—"

"Garrett!" she cried sharply; and he fell silent beneath the challenge of her eyes. "Mr. Blackstock is my husband. Please," she continued, more gently, "don't forget that."

"Is it likely?" he sneered. "But where is he? What made him leave you here?"

"Garrett!" Her tone would have warned him, but he was able to see but one thing, the conclusion to which his reason, spurred by his inclination to credit the worst to the man, had jumped the moment he realized her existence in surroundings so foreign to her kind: that Blackstock, true to type, having persuaded Katherine to their clandestine marriage and gained his end, the control of her little fortune, had abandoned her even as he had abandoned Dundas, even as he would have discarded an old shoe or anything that had served his purpose and worn out its usefulness to him, leaving her to languish in this forlorn and desolate spot, out of his way and out of the world's way.

He hesitated to collect his wits, then pursued doggedly:

"Tell me where to find him," he said, his voice shaking—"give me the least hint to go by, Katherine, and I'll—I'll hunt him down, wherever he may be, I'll bring him back, I'll—"

In his agitation he verged on incoherence.

Quietly but effectively the woman brought him to his senses. "I shall have to ask you not to continue in that tone," she said with disconcerting dignity. "You must not misconstrue matters arbitrarily to suit your prejudice. My husband has not left me, as you insist; there is no need for you to contemplate 'hunting him down.' He is here."

"Here?" Involuntarily Coast's glance veered to the house, suspicious and alert.

"On this island," she affirmed.

"What island?" he demanded, turning back to her.

"No Man's Land."

He accepted this confirmation of his conjecture with an inconclusive, "Oh?"

"You didn't know?" she asked, incredulous.

"How should I know?" She watched him, distrustful. "You didn't come here on purpose . . . ?"

"It was chance," he asserted. None the less an unformed suspicion involving Appleyard crossed his mind. He considered, rejected and forgot it all in a breath.

"We bought the island last spring . . ."

"Yes," he said listlessly.

Her nervousness drove her on in rambling, inconsecutive and unnecessary explanation: "After we returned from Germany, on account of Douglas' eyes . . . He is quite blind, you know, and the shock of losing his

sight almost prostrated him. He is permitted no excitement, no social life—just peace and such mental employment as his work affords. So we heard of this place, looked it up and bought it. The Standard Wireless people installed an experiment station for his use. But it isn't generally known—the vice-president of the company, one of his best friends, managed it all for us. The necessity for seclusion, you understand . . . Even the servants know him only as Mr. Black."

"I understand," he said in an expressionless tone. "And this"—he nodded toward the farmhouse—"is your home?"

"Not exactly." Already she was regretting the intimacy her breathless explanation had implied. She hesitated, seeming reluctant to continue.

"We—Dundas and I—occupy two rooms of the bungalow, where the wireless station is, up on the hill. There are no facilities for housekeeping. So we come here for our meals. The servants live here—and Mr. Power, my husband's assistant."

He looked away from her, avoiding her eyes, while the struggle for mastery of self went on within him. To make time, "You—you don't find it lonely?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"And yet—cut off from the world—I should think—"

"I have sufficient to occupy me," she interrupted. "And we're not wholly out of touch. A boat brings us provisions and whatever else we may require from New Bedford every week."

"You see the papers, then?" he asked with a trace of eagerness.

"No; they are prohibited—doctor's orders."

"And no one writes you?"

"Nobody knows where we are."

"An admirable arrangement: I congratulate Mr. Blackstock," Coast commented—contemptibly, he felt.

She gave him a look of slow, withering scorn. "Do you think he fears you?"

"Me? Oh!" He laughed shortly. "Probably not."

"Why should he? We both know you too well to believe you would repeat your mistake, in cold blood, for sheer revenge."

"My mistake?" he parroted harshly. "Oh, to be sure . . . No; hardly that." He waited a moment, noting how strained and tense she was.

"Nevertheless," he added quietly, "I should like to see him for a moment."

"Is it necessary?"

"I should like to see him," he repeated.

"He—can't be here just now." She met his keen, questioning look with a proud lift of her head. "On the island, she continued, "but not here. He'll be back before long."

"Thank you," he replied evenly; "I'll wait."

"But Garrett!" She seemed to overcome an inward resistance and, re-entering the doorway, stood near him, touching his arm with a gentle, persuasive hand, her eyes imploring.

"Must you?" He nodded gravely. "But why—why rake up this buried grievance?" she protested. "Is it wise, right? . . . It's true, he testified against you. But what else could he do? You had your chance—he gave you your chance to escape, before the police came. After that, he had no choice. You shouldn't hold that against him, Garrett; if only you knew how he hated to take the stand against you, how terribly he felt it when you were convicted practically on his evidence . . . But now that it's all over and past remedy, wouldn't it be better not to reopen that old wound? Kinder, Garrett, and more generous . . . to me? You are free, can go where you will . . ."

She broke off with an anxious thought: "The detectives don't know where to look for you?"

"What? No." He laughed aloud, but mirthlessly. "Oh, no, I gave them the slip some time ago."

"I'm glad. But now, please, Garrett, won't you give this up."

She said more, much more, continuing to plead with him in a fever of distress, able only to comprehend one thing, that she must somehow avert the encounter he desired. But her rapid, stumbling accents were all meaningless in his understanding, which seemed to reel, dumfounded by this revelation of the incredible. She had said enough to bring him face to face with the hideous, infamous fact that she still held him blood-guilty, still honored and believed Blackstock. He struggled to shake his wits together and think coherently, but to little purpose. All the world was mad and topsy-turvy—a mad, mad world, wherein all truth was false, faith was treachery, justice parodied, honor deep dishonor. For a little he felt that his reason hung in the balance, teetering between wild laughter and still wilder tears. If man can be hysterical, Coast was near to it.

And Katherine, witness to his excitement as evidenced in the working of his features, his shifting gaze, his hands so tightly clenched that the nails (she thought) must be biting deep into his palms, saw presently that he no longer listened to her.

She ceased to speak and waited, hoping against hope for what she deemed the best.

He was (so ran her thoughts, distracted, like wild things in a panic) not reasonably to be held in strict account for his attitude toward her or for his actions. In such men as there must inevitably be something lacking, something like an abiding consciousness of right and wrong, the ability to distinguish between them:

that rudder of the soul. In simple charity she must accord him patience. If her eyes told her he was more a man than the Garrett Coast of old (and she saw him now in the fullest flush of health and vigor, sun-browned, weather-seamed, glowing with strength and vitality) her mental vision clothed him with an aura of abnormality like a shroud, awful and repellent. He figured in her sight a murderer, a man who could strike to death an unarmed and defenceless friend, for a trifle. Nothing might ever avail to erase that fact from her consciousness.

Unconsciously she drew a pace or two away. The action roused him. He lifted to hers haggard eyes set in a haggard face; and their look was one of discernment. She knew instinctively that he divined her thought, that he knew why she had drawn away from him. And so pitiful he seemed that before she knew it her mood melted and knew only compassion for him.

"Oh, Garrett!" she cried impulsively, "I am so sorry!"

Visibly he took command of himself. "I'm sure of that," he said slowly; "and I don't want to distress you. My coming here was pure accident, as I've said; and presently I'll go and . . ."

Blackstock need never know I've set foot on the island—since you wish it."

"Oh, Garrett!" she cried, half sobbing. "Thank you—thank you!"

"But first I want you to tell me one thing."

"Yes—anything!" she promised gratefully, heedless of his sober scrutiny.

"Are you happy?" he demanded forthwith; and held his breath, for on her answer everything he prized depended. "Are you happy with him—Blackstock?"

It was like cold water in her face. She gasped and drew herself up, straight and slim, defiant. "What right have you to ask me that?"

"None but that of a man who loved you once, and who, though he may not, loves you still—whatever you may think him, Katherine."

She held her answer, quivering with indignation. That he should dare! Yet there were two things in his attitude to calm her: an impersonal note, puzzling, and a simple dignity that left little foothold for resentment.

As for Coast, momentarily while she did not reply, the issue hung in the balance, whether he should speak or not: whether enlighten her forthwith or leave her (were she happy in her marriage) in her fool's Paradise. He felt himself a prey to discordant impulses, pride and generosity counselling him, each with a double tongue.

"I hold your happiness above all else," he resumed as the pause lengthened—"far above my own, Katherine. That is why I ask you: are you happy?"

"I have no regrets," she told him steadily.

"That doesn't answer me."

Her eyes wavered beneath his searching glance. She turned away and stared off into the vacancy of the fog.

"How is one to tell?" she said presently. "Isn't happiness difficult to define? A thing of comparative values? . . . I am content, that much I know. I have discovered something in life higher than the gratification of self; I have learned that to serve means more than to be served. I married the man I loved; he needs me now, could hardly do without me. I am a help to him in his work; he would probably be unable to continue it without my assistance. . . . I have my cares, as he has his, as you have yours. Who has not? . . . But a year is a long time; I have learned much since . . ."

She took a deep breath. "Yes," she concluded

evenly: "I think I may say I am happy, Garrett."

But she kept her face averted.

"And that?" he asked, stepping to her side and lightly touching her bare forearm with his finger.

Just below her left elbow four marks, like bluish stripes set close together, stood out like weals upon her delicate skin, where the flesh had been bruised by the cruel pressure of a man's strong fingers.

At his touch she recoiled with a half-stifled cry, her face blazing. "Don't—don't!" she gasped, trying with faltering fingers to pull down the sleeve. But realizing that it was too late, that he had already seen, she recovered, sullenly leaving the sleeve as it was.

For summer diarrhoea in children always give Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and castor oil, and a speedy cure is certain. For sale by all druggists.

Those Who Take Foley Kidney Pills For their kidney and bladder ailments, and for annoying urinary irregularities are always grateful both for the quick and permanent relief they afford, and for their tonic and strengthening effect as well. Try Foley Kidney Pills. O. G. Schaefer and Red Cross Drug Co.

Right in your busiest season when you have the least time to spare you are most likely to take diarrhoea and lose several days' time, unless you have Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy at hand and take a dose on the first appearance of the disease. For sale by all druggists.

For summer diarrhoea in children always give Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and castor oil, and a speedy cure is certain. For sale by all druggists.

President Taft's recent message suggesting an amendment to the Pure Food and Drugs law in its relation to prepared medicines, does not refer to such standard medicines as Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and Foley Kidney Pills, both of which are true medicines carefully compounded of ingredients whose medicinal qualities are recognized by the medical profession itself as the best known remedial agents for the disease they are intended to counteract. For over three decades Foley's Honey and Tar Compound has been a standard remedy for coughs, colds and affections of the throat, chest and lungs for children and for grown persons, and it retains today its pre-eminence above all other preparations of its kind. Foley Kidney Pills are equally effective and meritorious. O. G. Schaefer and Red Cross Drug Co.

She kept her face averted.

evenly: "I think I may say I am happy, Garrett."

But she kept her face averted.

"And that?" he asked, stepping to her side and lightly touching her bare forearm with his finger.

Just below her left elbow four marks, like bluish stripes set close together, stood out like weals upon her delicate skin, where the flesh had been bruised by the cruel pressure of a man's strong fingers.

At his touch she recoiled with a half-stifled cry, her face blazing. "Don't—don't!" she gasped, trying with faltering fingers to pull down the sleeve. But realizing that it was too late, that he had already seen, she recovered, sullenly leaving the sleeve as it was.

For summer diarrhoea in children always give Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and castor oil, and a speedy cure is certain. For sale by all druggists.

Those Who Take Foley Kidney Pills For their kidney and bladder ailments, and for annoying urinary irregularities are always grateful both for the quick and permanent relief they afford, and for their tonic and strengthening effect as well. Try Foley Kidney Pills. O. G. Schaefer and Red Cross Drug Co.

Right in your busiest season when you have the least time to spare you are most likely to take diarrhoea and lose several days' time, unless you have Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy at hand and take a dose on the first appearance of the disease. For sale by all druggists.

For summer diarrhoea in children always give Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and castor oil, and a speedy cure is certain. For sale by all druggists.

President Taft's recent message suggesting an amendment to the Pure Food and Drugs law in its relation to prepared medicines, does not refer to such standard medicines as Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and Foley Kidney Pills, both of which are true medicines carefully compounded of ingredients whose medicinal qualities are recognized by the medical profession itself as the best known remedial agents for the disease they are intended to counteract. For over three decades Foley's Honey and Tar Compound has been a standard remedy for coughs, colds and affections of the throat, chest and lungs for children and for grown persons, and it retains today its pre-eminence above all other preparations of its kind. Foley Kidney Pills are equally effective and meritorious. O. G. Schaefer and Red Cross Drug Co.

She kept her face averted.

evenly: "I think I may say I am happy, Garrett."

But she kept her face averted.

"And that?" he asked, stepping to her side and lightly touching her bare forearm with his finger.

Just below her left elbow four marks, like bluish stripes set close together, stood out like weals upon her delicate skin, where the flesh had been bruised by the cruel pressure of a man's strong fingers.

At his touch she recoiled with a half-stifled cry, her face blazing. "Don't—don't!" she gasped, trying with faltering fingers to pull down the sleeve. But realizing that it was too late, that he had already seen, she recovered, sullenly leaving the sleeve as it was.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## The Optic

# WANT COLUMN



Optic's Number, Main 2

## RATES FOR CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Five cents per line each insertion. Estimate six ordinary words to a line. No ad to occupy less space than two lines. All advertisements charged will be booked at space actually used, without regard to number of words. Cash in advance preferred.

## Wanted

**WANTED**—Operator to copy Associated Press report over The Optic's leased wire, daily except Sunday, 11:30 to 2:30. Call on city editor.

**WANTED**—Men and boys in Los Angeles. Small pay but can learn trade of automobiles, electricity, plumbing, bricklaying on actual contract jobs. 300 students last year. Catalogue free. United Trade School Contracting Co., Los Angeles.

## For Sale

**FOR SALE**—White Wyandotte hens, \$8 and \$10 per doz., according to quality. Mrs. M. E. Johnson, Humboldt, Kan.

**FOR SALE**—Legal blanks of all descriptions. Notary seals and records at The Optic office.

**FOR SALE**—The former Harris Bros. dairy, just north of the city limits on Eighth street; 8 acres of ground, 5 acres in alfalfa; orchard and small fruits, all under ditch; 5-room house with bath and city water; two large poultry houses, 2 large barns; especially suited for dairy and poultry raising. Will be sold very cheap. See A. H. Harris, 612 Lincoln avenue.

## For Rent

**FOR RENT**—Nicely furnished front room. All modern conveniences. Private home. Gentleman preferred. Address X., Optic.

**FOR RENT**—Two newly furnished rooms, lights, bath and toilet. No health seekers. 918 Jackson avenue. Call at 509 Sixth street.

## HONEST MEDICINES VERSUS FAKES

President Taft's recent message suggesting an amendment to the Pure Food and Drugs law in its relation to prepared medicines, does not refer to such standard medicines as Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and Foley Kidney Pills, both of which are true medicines carefully compounded of ingredients whose medicinal qualities are recognized by the medical profession itself as the best known remedial agents for the disease they are intended to counteract. For over three decades Foley's Honey and Tar Compound has been a standard remedy for coughs, colds and affections of the throat, chest and lungs for children and for grown persons, and it retains today its pre-eminence above all other preparations of its kind. Foley Kidney Pills are equally effective and meritorious. O. G. Schaefer and Red Cross Drug Co.

Right in your busiest season when you have the least time to spare you are most likely to take diarrhoea and lose several days' time, unless you have Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy at hand and take a dose on the first appearance of the disease. For sale by all druggists.

Those Who Take Foley Kidney Pills For their kidney and bladder ailments, and for annoying urinary irregularities are always grateful both for the quick and permanent relief they afford, and for their tonic and strengthening effect as well. Try Foley Kidney Pills. O. G. Schaefer and Red Cross Drug Co.

For summer diarrhoea in children always give Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and castor oil, and a speedy cure is certain. For sale by all druggists.

## THE LOBBY RESTAURANT AND CAFE

SHORT ORDERS AND REGULAR DINNERS  
THE BEST GOODS OBTAINABLE ALWAYS HANDLED

# SOCIETY AND BUSINESS DIRECTORY

**CHAPMAN LODGE NO. 2, A. F. & A. M.**—Regular communication first and third Thursday in each month. Visiting brothers cordially invited. William H. Stapp, W. M.; Chas. H. Sporleder, Secretary.

**LAS VEGAS COMMANDERY, NO. 2, KNIGHTS OF THE TEMPLAR**—Regular convocation second Tuesday in each month at Masonic Temple at 7:30 p. m. C. D. Boucher, S. C.; Chas. Tamme, Recorder.

**LAS VEGAS CHAPTER NO. 3, ROYAL ARCH MASONS**—Regular convocation first Monday in each month at Masonic Temple, at 7:30 p. m. J. A. Rutledge, H. P.; Chas. H. Sporleder, Secretary.

**RANSFORD CHAPTER NO. 2, O. E. S.**—Meets first and third Fridays in Masonic Temple. Mrs. Agnes M. Tripp, Worthy Matron; Thomas B. Bowen, Worthy Patron; Mrs. Minerva A. Howell, Secretary. Phone Main 231, 721 Fourth street.

**EL DORADO LODGE NO. 1, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS**—Meets every Monday evening in Castle hall. Visiting Knights are cordially invited. Chas. E. Liebschneider, Chas. E. Liebschneider, Commander; Harry Martin, Keeper of Records and Seal.

**BALDY LODGE NO. 77, FRATERNAL UNION OF AMERICA**—Meets first and third Wednesdays of each month at Fraternal Brotherhood hall, A. E. Hayward, F. M.; W. A. Givens, Secretary. Visiting members cordially invited.

**FRATERNAL BROTHERHOOD, NO. 102**—Meets every Monday night at their hall in the Schmidt building, west of Fountain Square, at eight o'clock. Visiting members are cordially welcome. E. E. Gehring, president; Mrs. Emma D. Burks, Secretary; C. Pally, Treasurer.

**J. O. ROSENWALD LODGE NO. 545, I. O. O. F.**—Meets every first Tuesday of the month in the